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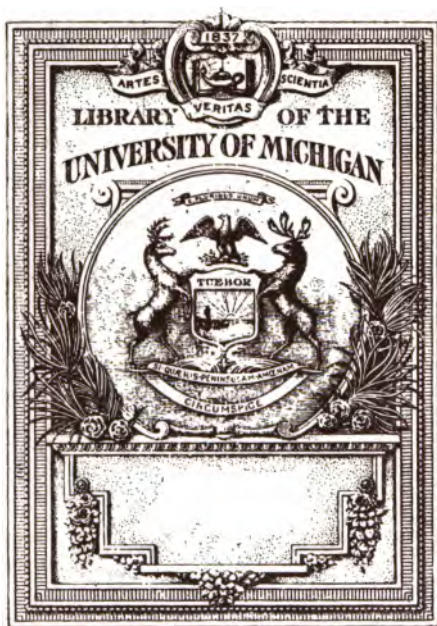
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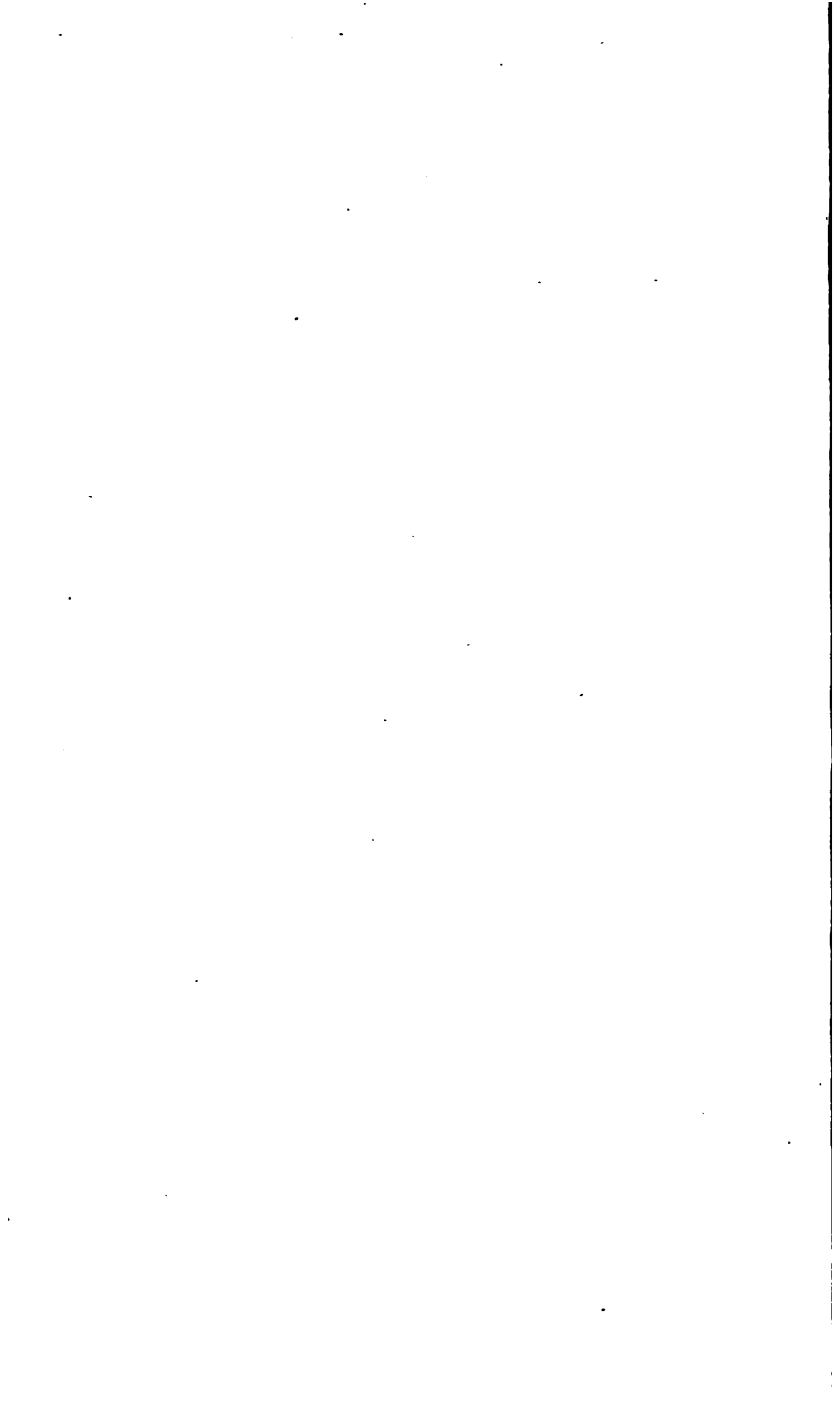
UNDER THE EDITORIAL SUPERVISION OF

W. M. DAVIDSON

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF TOPEKA, KANSAS

KANSAS IN LITERATURE

PART I POETRY



TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASSICS AND SCHOOL READINGS

KANSAS IN LITERATURE

PART I POETRY

WITH A

HISTORICAL SKETCH AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

Professor of German Language and Literature in the University of Kansas

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1900

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INTRODUCTION.

AS A PRELIMINARY to studying the flora or the fauna of Kansas, the naturalist simply takes note of every plant or beast that he may meet within the imaginary lines that bound the State. However transient and fortuitous its visit,—gull driven up from the Gulf, or magpie wandered from the Rocky Mountains,—every bird verified as seen in Kansas appears in the list of Kansas birds. Of course, this is not with any thought that the creatures thus catalogued are necessarily peculiar to Kansas, or that Kansas has any especial claim to them,—for there is probably not one plant or animal which is found in Kansas and nowhere else,—but simply a result of the inevitable limitation of human powers, and in recognition of the tacit understanding that the combined results of local observers will lead in the end to a complete knowledge of the field which is too great for any individual or group of individuals to compass.

The phenomena of literature, being less tangible and concrete, present a more difficult problem. It would, indeed, seem to be a simple matter, to say that Kansas literature is literature produced in Kansas. But it is not so easy to define a Kansan. Politically, a six-months residence gives claim to the title, but who will not hesitate to regard as a Kansas product the book of a life-long Missourian whose business interests might have led him to spend a year just over the Kansas line, even though he exercised his right of franchise while here? The books of such a person pro-

duced before or after his temporary residence in Kansas are certainly out of the question. Somewhat different is the case of the work of a genuine Kansan, who has earned the title by years of residence and service identifying him with the State, but which was produced before he came to Kansas. Are such books Kansas literature? Again, the books of such a one, or even of a native Kansan grown to maturity in the State, but produced after removal to another State,—how about these? Finally, perhaps the most plausible among the doubtful cases is that of the native Kansan who has been identified with the State, has achieved a reputation while in Kansas and derived all his materials and his atmosphere from Kansas, and who removes to another State from mere grounds of business convenience. Shall we include his product after such removal in our study of Kansas literature? Probably few would answer this question in the negative. Yet, when once such a concession is made, nothing but an arbitrary fiat can stop short of including everything produced at any time by anyone who ever lived for ever so short a time in the State.

It should be observed that the lines guiding the formation of a "Kansas library," which would naturally include everything about Kansas or in any way connected with a Kansan, are much broader than those defining Kansas literature, even when the latter expression is liberally construed. There is certainly ground for the contention that Kansas literature should be restricted not only to the literary output of genuine Kansans, but to so much of this output alone as is built upon and inspired by Kansas life. But this is not the basis of the present

essay and the accompanying collection. Such a factor would be one more highly intangible element in the problem, and if strictly construed would exclude from consideration some of the very best work done by Kansas writers.

A secondary product, the outcome of years of life, conceived in one place, matured and written in another, and published, perhaps, in still another, cannot be classified and treated as summarily as the first-hand products of Nature, where the primary matter is to establish merely the habitat of the creature.

Some further difficulties are involved in the definition of literature. The drag-net would bring in every product of the human mind preserved in writing. The necessary but arbitrary limitation of our field to books and pamphlets excludes the enormous output of the periodical press, daily, weekly and monthly, which, despite the unfavorable conditions under which it is produced, includes no small amount of what deserves, by all the criteria of quality, the name of literature. But not by any means everything in book form is literature in the common and narrow sense of the word.

Literature may be said to apply justly to every mental output into which enters the conscious employment of the imagination, or, even lacking this, which has, or manifests an evident ambition toward, artistic style. Thus all verse, all fiction, and the drama, are *prima facie* literature. Essays, histories, orations and sermons must prove their title to the name by excellence of artistic finish in form or style, or at least by an aspiration in this direction.

In thus drawing somewhat vague lines about the field of literature, the narrow limits of the treatise, as in the

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*For an appreciative account of the early Kansas editors, see N. L. Prentiss's "Kansas Miscellanies," pp. 80ff.

present case, will lead to the enforced omission of much that might otherwise have been included within the borders. On the other hand, the narrowness of the geographical field, and its comparatively unfavorable conditions for production, will naturally prompt a disposition to greater leniency in the judgment of quality than would otherwise obtain if the quantity of material to be sifted were greater.

In a word, this sketch will deal with the pure literature in permanent form produced by professed and proven Kansans. Where the treatment ignores these narrow lines, and moves about within the broader confines indicated above, it will be more or less consciously at the dictation of State pride or personal predilections. In the selections the aim has been, within the narrow limits of space, to give the best of what was believed to be good literature—not necessarily great literature—from a universal standpoint, and not to give samples from all of the many who have written fair or tolerable literature. In the Bibliography, on the other hand, the attempt has been made to collect every known book or pamphlet by a Kansan, which might be admitted under the definition of literature given above; while especially in the field of early Kansas history, in the absence of a convenient bibliography in that line, the insistence upon artistic work has been almost wholly relaxed.

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well as the estimate of his work, belong in another volume, which has been prepared by Mr. Hinton; but even his transient residence in Kansas gives the State some ground for claiming him among her own. He was devoted to the principles for which Kansas stood, and his tenure of the title, Kansan, is at least as valid as that of some others who in those days became identified with the Territory in the public mind. The Editor admits frankly that he is glad, of any pretext to include a few of Realf's poems in this collection.

Horace White, of the *Chicago Tribune*, Samuel Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, and Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, devoted many columns of their best editorial work to the interests of Kansas. Rev. Edward Everett Hale was the author of many of the *New York Tribune* editorials on Kansas topics. John G. Whittier, Lucy Larcom and others wrote poems to encourage the emigration of Northern people to Kansas, or commemorative of the stirring events of the first years in the Territory.

Several books appeared between 1854 and 1860 descriptive of the Territory and its advantages, written under the auspices of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, and two or three volumes of description by permanent settlers, notable among these Mrs. Sara D. T. Robinson's "*Kansas: Its Interior and Exterior Life.*" In most of the writings of this period the literary element is necessarily subordinate, but there is in Mrs. Robinson's work a simplicity, a frankness and a directness which has brought it to a tenth edition in recent years.

While our Bibliography shows twenty-three numbers from 1854 to 1860, the whole decade from 1860 to 1870

has a total of but thirteen. It is probable that the same period would show a great depression in the publication of polite literature for the entire country. Whatever reasons were valid for the rest of the country were trebly so for Kansas. In all the Territorial years and until the close of the Civil War there was not a single work of pure literature produced by a Kansan. Evender C. Kennedy, of Leavenworth, wears the distinction of being the first Kansan to venture before the world in a volume of imaginative composition, with his "Osseo, the Spectre Chieftain." It purports to be an epic in eight cantos. The author refers with feeling to the weary days and dreary nights he has spent trying to consummate this, his "bloodless ambition," and closes his brief preface with the appeal: "I have a hope;—must it be a hope of despair? I wait the revelations of the mysterious future." The back of the title bears the pathetic inscription, "First Thousand." The mysterious future never asked for a second.

A people who were called upon to take their part in a great war before they had half housed themselves, and just after coming through a withering drought, and who nevertheless sent into that war more men in proportion to their total number than any other State in the Union,—such a people had no time for the pleasant work of imaginative creation and literary composition. But in the blasts of that fiery furnace of war and tribulation they were seasoning strong souls for future work in this as in all fields of the world's activities.

From the close of the Civil War to "The Grasshopper Year," 1874, was a period of buoyant and exultant expansion for Kansas, even more than for the rest of the

nation. The reputation of the State for courage and intelligence, the enormous advertising given to her advantages by correspondents and the home press, the Homestead Law and other circumstances brought to Kansas a flood of desirable additions to her population. It was the period of bond-voting, of railroad-building. Believing all things, hoping all things, it seemed, when the terrific burden of the war was lifted, that all things were possible to the citizens of a State that had borne so much. No merely material enterprise of that time begins to give such a realizing sense of the boundless hopefulness and confidence of the people as does the establishment and conduct of *The Kansas Magazine*, of blessed memory.

It would strain the resources of rhetoric to express the mingled feelings of wonder and pride with which this literary meteor was viewed by the people of the State. Its flight was brief but glorious, and the light of it still lingers on the western sky. The history of *The Kansas Magazine* has yet to be written, but it remains the most interesting and conspicuous literary phenomenon of the State. Even to the cover it was evident that the standard of its founders was that of the exclusive *Atlantic*. And, while it would be too much to claim that it averaged as high as its model, it is within bounds to say that a considerable portion of its contributions need not have blushed in the New England journal. Captain Henry King, who was editor for the first year, was endowed with a rare balance of disposition which enabled him to apply his refined standard of taste unflinchingly to the matter submitted to him, while he maintained toward the public a uniform and genial optimism. His successor, Captain James W. Steele, had a more difficult task, for it is evi-

dent that the supply of good original matter was much lower. John J. Ingalls had been elected to the United States Senate, and thus his valuable help was withdrawn. Mr. Steele, a writer of varied talents, was obliged to fill up much more space than that allotted to the editor. In more than one number he appeared as "Deane Monahan," with a story; as Mr. James W. Steele, with a naturalist's sketch; in addition to liberal contributions in the "Editor's Quarters" and elsewhere. Evidence of the dearth of suitable material is also found in the introduction of prose translations from French and German. Shortly before the close of its second year *The Kansas Magazine* succumbed. "Not a gun was fired, not a funeral note"; it went out of the world as modestly as it had come into it, and left Kansas poorer, not to speak of its stockholders. To the two editors, to John Guthrie and others who testified with their goods to their faith in the intellectual vigor of the State, to D. W. Wilder, who was "State missionary" for the cause, and to the staff of regular contributors, Kansas owes a debt of gratitude of which she can scarcely be reminded too often. Whether pique or patriotism or simply the spirit of adventure prompted these literary pioneers, our obligation to them is the same for having set a mark toward which the ambitious and generous spirits of the State will aspire from time to time, but which they will be long in attaining.

Among the names brought prominently before the State and the West by the columns of *The Kansas Magazine*, are, aside from those already mentioned: Rev. James H. Defouri, Rev. Charles Reynolds, Don Lloyd Wyman, Annie F. Burbank, J. W. Roberts, W. H. Smallwood,

Enrique Parmer, R. S. Elliott, Edward Schiller, Charles Robinson, Noble L. Prentis, M. W. Reynolds, R. J. Hinton. Occasional contributions were received from well-known writers outside the State, such as Walt Whitman, John Hay, Edgar Fawcett, F. B. Sanborn, and W. E. Channing. But decidedly the best literary work was that of John J. Ingalls and of James W. Steele. Mr. Ingalls's picturesque and sounding rhetoric has been credited with winning him his seat in the Senate. It certainly presaged for him a literary career which might have been more grateful and more enduring than the one for which he surrendered it. Mr. Steele's stories have been compared with Bret Harte's, and his sketches suggest the work of Mr. John Hay. But in both lines Mr. Steele's work is strongly original and genuine.

The burden of the "grasshopper years," 1874 and 1875, depressed the literary activities of Kansas, if we may judge from the fact that the five years beginning with 1874 saw but eight volumes of belles lettres published by Kansans. One of the ventures of this time was the monumental work of D. W. Wilder, "The Annals of Kansas." In compiling this invaluable chronicle Mr. Wilder, who is qualified for literary work of a much higher order, gave an edifying example of self-denying scholarship. The discrimination, the restraint, the judicial fairness manifested in the "Annals" are qualities which command grateful recognition, although the work can be called literature only in the broadest sense.

The return of better times was heralded by the appearance of Noble L. Prentis's "A Kansan Abroad." This and his succeeding volumes are very familiar to the people of Kansas. The author has the repute preëminently of being

a humorist, and while this reputation is deserved, it should be said that he is also a wise philosopher and a word-painter of great power. Mr. Prentis's humor is intensely his own. He is not like Mark Twain; he is not like Artemus Ward. His humor does not consist in variegated spelling. It is more subtle than Mark Twain's; it is more genial than Browne's. It is seldom labored, but is rather the natural mode of the author's expression for his earnest and kindly thoughts. He deserves a rank among the best of American humorists, and but for the odium geographicum he would have it.

In the late seventies the name of George R. Peck became familiar in Kansas as that of an orator whose style and rhetorical finish were matched only by his gifts of voice and presence and delivery. The State has been endowed with an abundance of gifted speakers,—so many that no enumeration of them could be attempted; but the names of Lane, Ingalls and Peck would probably be conceded to be the most eminent. With all that is told of Lane's mesmeric and volcanic performance, there is not a complete speech of his most vigorous period preserved. Disinfection and refrigeration were not yet sufficiently available. Mr. Ingalls's most distinguished efforts were invectives, which have inevitably but a transient interest. Mr. Peck's orations have frequently treated topics of permanent interest, and their style and lofty spirit adapt them for becoming a part of our literature. Mr. Ingalls has never published a volume of his speeches, nor indeed, of any of his writings; several of Mr. Peck's orations have appeared in pamphlet form, but often lacking bibliographic details. Less brilliant than Ingalls, and less fascinating than Peck, Solon O. Thacher maintained throughout a long career in

the State both at the bar and in the forum a high reputation for readiness and great resources of learning, a clear and trenchant style, and a dignified and impressive delivery. Scarcely a public man of Kansas made so many addresses speaking so uniformly from an earnest and conscientious purpose. His addresses would constitute a running commentary on the history of the State. Since Mr. Peck's withdrawal from the State Mr. James Willis Gleed has manifested many of the qualities that won so willing a hearing for Mr. Peck, with others quite his own.

The year 1885 saw the publication of three of the best of Kansas books: E. W. Howe's "Story of a Country Town," Eugene F. Ware's "Rhymes of Ironquill," and L. W. Spring's "History of Kansas," together with several other volumes of no small merit. Mr. Howe's story is a work of great power. This power lies chiefly in the truthfulness of the picture of life under the conditions portrayed. No man who grew up in a small town of the Middle West fails to find here the likeness of the boys and the men whom he knew in his youth. The atmosphere, which is, of course, Mr. Howe's own, is not that of golden glamour, nor that of merry reminiscence from the heights of prosperity. The life of this country town, though not lacking a certain grim humor, was a solemn thing which cast some shadow over the life of even the boys in it. Quite apart from the terrible tragedy in which the plot culminates there is a depression of spirit in the life of the people which is sometimes more felt by the casual visitor than by the actual inhabitants of the country town. In style Mr. Howe's book makes no pretense to grace or studied effect. Here, too, it is simply clear and straightforward, and for the theme in hand any other style would

have been inartistic. Mr. Howe ranks high among the realistic novelists of America. Although his other stories are also interesting and have met with wide recognition, none of them has quite attained the effect of "The Story of a Country Town." The shadows of the earlier work have not lifted in the later, but rather lengthened. The world wants a little more of cheer in its fiction.

The element that is deficient in Mr. Howe's novel is quite prominent in the almost equally well-known verse of Mr. Ware. An exuberant fancy, a quick sight for social and professional shams, a whimsical sympathy for the dumb patience of toil, a vigorous enthusiasm for "the strenuous life," are some characteristics of Mr. Ware's spirit. These are expressed under the guidance of a lyrical talent often very musical, but not so fluent as to seem professional, which takes startling though not offensive liberties with vocabulary and rhyme and metre. "The Washerwoman's Song," "The Geese and the Cranes," and "The Violet Star" are good examples of Mr. Ware's best lyrical work. In other pieces he manifests a satirical humor that has been no less popular than his lyrical and pathetic vein. Such are "Neutralia" and "Hic Jones," and, with more finish, the "Modern Fables." The dialect of the bar and the sanctum has nowhere been more entertainingly exploited. The little poem, "Type," while betraying nothing of the genial personality of the writer, is a notable example of condensed thought and finished form.*

* The fact that the first number of this volume consists of selections from Mr. Ware's poems dictates the omission of them from the collection in the present number. A collection of Kansas verse without Mr. Ware's productions would be another case of "Hamlet" minus Hamlet. It must be understood that Vol. 1, No. 1, is a necessary supplement to the present number.

Leverett W. Spring's "Kansas," in the American Commonwealth Series, was the first dignified and scholarly attempt to treat the early history of the State by a writer wholly neutral to the factions which had contended over the ground. It is certainly dispassionate and judicial, and while it has not entirely satisfied the friends of any of the factions, it is beyond question an able and artistic presentation of early Kansas history. In purely literary qualities it is unrivaled among Kansas writings in this line.

Another interesting book of this same year is Mrs. Ellen P. Allerton's "Anabel and other Poems." Her poem, "Walls of Corn," is certainly a genuine bit of sentiment musically expressed, and the volume contained several others almost equally good. Probably no other piece of Kansas verse is so widely known and appreciated among the people of the State. Mrs. Allerton suffered from the lack of literary fellowship and encouragement, and kindly competent criticism. Had she enjoyed these she might have produced more that would last. She was extremely diffident, and hardly appreciated the excellence of her own work. But to have written a few really good poems is something to be gratefully acknowledged.

The years 1888 to 1892 inclusive were much more prolific of Kansas books than any other period of five years, the total number being sixty-seven as against fifty-two in the most productive half-decade, that from 1886 to 1890. It is a curious fact that this increased literary activity falls in the years of the collapse of the great real-estate and building speculation which wrecked so many fortunes. Whether many of the literary ventures were made in the hope of retrieving some little portion of the

losses, or merely because the writers may have been left without other occupation, or whether the coincidence was purely accidental, cannot be determined positively. The average quality of the period is relatively good. Among the titles of the five years are: Howe's "A Man Story," and "An Ante-Mortem Statement," Inman's "In the Van of Empire," Osmond's "Sulamith," a poem of considerable merit, Prentiss's "Kansas Miscellanies," Cole's "The Auroraphone," Horner's "Not at Home," Chittendon's curious, dithyrambic creation, "The Pleroma," Cree's "Direct Legislation," Peffer's "The Farmers' Side," Sheldon's "Richard Bruce," Thayer's "A Kansas Crusade" (included here rather by courtesy), Florence Kelly's "Frances," Mills's "The Sod House in Heaven," Moody's "The Song of Kansas," Nina Morgan's "A Slumber Song," Scott's "Letters," and Woodward's "Old Wine in New Bottles." Aside from those by authors already characterized and one, Colonel Inman, to be spoken of later, Mr. Woodward shows the most distinct and interesting literary quality. His essays combine in a most attractive way a knowledge of men and books and art and foreign lands, and discuss these subjects from a modest yet competent standpoint, and in a confidential, conversational style. In many of them there is a gentle humor and a kindly wit that suggest the "Autocrat," though they are distinctly the author's own. As critic and general essayist Mr. Woodward has not been excelled by any Kansan.

Within this same period falls also the one dignified attempt to fill the gap left by the demise of *The Kansas Magazine*. Certain gentlemen of Salina and Abilene, Messrs. Chittendon, Bishop, Phillips and Dewey chiefly,

with financial support from others who have been content to keep the right hand in ignorance of what their left gave, issued in July, 1891, the first number of *The Agora, A Kansas Magazine*. The proud humility of the indefinite article in the sub-title, as though it would say that it could not promise to fill up the measure of its prototype, was characteristic of the management and the career of the journal. After the first few numbers the name of T. E. Dewey appeared as Editor, and to his energy, patience, and refined taste are due the reasonable success and the honorable standing which *The Agora* attained. The name was unfortunate. Kansans dislike foreign airs. But Mr. Dewey overcame the prejudice caused by the name. The magazine lived to complete five volumes. It died because its Editor could not afford to sacrifice his whole time to a labor of love. *The Agora* was clean and dignified and high-toned. The best writers of the State contributed to it. It should have continued to live. If there had been more people of taste with leisure and means it would have lived. The list of its contributors would include practically all the writers of Kansas who were active during its publication.

Among the frequent contributors to *The Agora* was Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, who wrote the larger part of a volume of verse, entitled "Poems by Two Friends," which appeared in 1893. Mr. Paine has a decided lyric fluency which sometimes shapes good thoughts into happy effects. His facility sometimes runs away with his poetic chariot, but has found a suitable professional employment in the composition of nonsense rhymes for children, in which Mr. Paine has achieved decided success.

Another contributor to *The Agora*, was Miss Florence Snow, already known among her associates in the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature as a woman of refined imagination and talent in versification. Her volume of sonnets, "The Lamp of Gold," appeared in 1896, and received high commendation from very competent critics. The artistic finish of Miss Snow's work is admirable. Her thought is lofty, sometimes mystic and almost too subtle.

Mr. William Allen White was well known in Kansas through his newspaper work and his "Willow Creek" verse, when a fortunate political editorial introduced him to the nation. His book of Kansas stories, "The Real Issue," and his later book, "The Court of Boyville," have met deserved success. Mr. White's boys are real live boys. They are not prigs, on the one hand, nor, on the other, incipient pirates and toughs, like Huck Finn and Stalky. They are average boys,—at least average Western boys such as are indigenous to the small town. Perhaps they do not have to buckle into the harness quite so much as some boys, perhaps they do not think as many "long, long thoughts" as some boys, but they are like the majority, and their experiences are universal. But delightful as are his boys, Mr. White's strongest work is in his descriptions of Kansas life, certain phases of which he has portrayed with most vivid, yet loving, realism. The "boom" has passed never to return, but Mr. White has perpetuated it in "Aqua Pura." His Colonel Hucks is as distinct a creation as Boythorn or Colonel Sellers, and more lovable than the latter. In "The Real Issue" and "The Man on Horseback" Mr. White has shown his ability to an-

alyze and depict the motives of the business and politics of to-day, and not merely as a dilettant but with a growing earnestness of purpose that gives reason for good hopes of his future achievement.

While Colonel Henry Inman's first book was published as early as 1881, it was not until the appearance of his "The Old Santa Fe Trail," in 1897, that he received the extended recognition now conceded to his work. The secret of the success of Colonel Inman lies partly in the fact that he chronicles a life now past, but as heroic and as varied as that of the Crusaders or the mariners of England under Drake, and partly in the enthusiastic sympathy with which he narrates the inexhaustible stock of tales which he had heard from the lips of the actors even when he himself was not a participant in the events. He is an excellent story-teller, and his stories have all the value and advantages of historical novels without the drawbacks common to that form of fiction. The events narrated are minor history, where the imagination may safely range, while the pictures of life and customs are historically invaluable. Although the reader moves among men of violence, he is in the conduct of a chivalrous gentleman, and meets nothing but what is clean and highminded. Col. Inman's death just as his work was meeting its deserved recognition is one of the many pathetic episodes of authorship.

The most widely read author of Kansas to-day is Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon. At least during the year 1899 it was probably true that he was the most widely read contemporary writer in the world. The authorized edition of "In His Steps" was nearing its sixth hundred thousand at the opening of the year 1900, and probably as many



more copies had been sold in pirated editions. Such a phenomenal success commands attention. Mr. Sheldon is a minister who has adopted the practice of preaching his evening sermons in the form of fiction. These sermon-stories constitute his book publications, which now number thirteen, the first, "Richard Bruce," having appeared in 1893. Mr. Sheldon's books make little pretense to the graces of rhetoric or to the artistic devices of the novelist. They do not show a careful and minute portrayal of life as it is, but frankly profess to show life as it should be. They are in a class with "Looking Backward," and belong rather to the field of applied ethics than to that of literary fiction. Yet the popularity of Mr. Sheldon's books has a lesson for the literary artist no less than for the preacher. It is an evidence of the yearning of the world for purity and righteousness, and seems to show that scant art with noble ideals will go farther than perfect art without them.

Among the increasingly numerous publications of the last few years some mention should be made of the graceful verse of Charles Moreau Hager, which appears from time to time in the magazines; of the little volume of Andrew Downing, "The Trumpeter, and other Poems," in which there are some unpretentious and really pretty verses; of Stuart Henry's two volumes of sketches of French life and literature, too cosmopolitan to have received their full due; of Wm. Harvey Brown's faithful account of "Life on the South African Frontier"; and Hervey White's interesting story, "Differences," a study of the sociological problems which confront the settlement worker.

A few words now regarding the general character of the product of Kansas in the way of poetry. Comic poetry is a great deal easier to write and write successfully than serious work. Smiles and laughter lie upon the surface; the springs of tears are deep down, and the writer of dialect verse, though it limp ever so clumsily in its metres, may win a smile or a burst of laughter, while the poet who attempts to clothe in fitting words a lofty thought or to sing a deep and sincere grief may by a single slip of grammar or a halting measure subject to ridicule the child of his very flesh and blood. And so it comes that we have a much larger bulk of tolerable comic verse, and especially dialect verse, than of dignified and genuine poetry.

Lyric expression of passion is only one of the many phases of serious poetry. There is the great field of narrative and epic composition, the verse of society, war songs, and so on. The line of society verse and that of mild and contemplative reflection are the two in which the most good work has been done by Kansas writers. But the most pretentious and distressful work has been in the line of the historical narrative and the epic.

The weaknesses of the majority of Kansas poets are the failure to study faithfully and lovingly life and nature before attempting to present them, and the failure to master thoroughly the art of versifying so as to be in possession of all the requisite verse forms instead of being possessed by some one of them. So many times it has plainly been the case with those who have printed in Kansas that they have simply imbibed at the spring of some one poet until they are filled to overflowing, and then they flow, merely

with what they have received. It is not by any means always plagiarism, though that too is painfully frequent, but a sort of solution of the extract of a certain poet, dissolved in the writer's own thin medium. The imitation is unconscious, but it could not be unconscious to one who was widely read and was thoroughly familiar with a number of great poets of greatly different character.

The failure to observe faithfully and report correctly life and nature is a more insidious weakness and the evil of it less palpable. Crude and simple instances of it are poems that speak of babbling brooks in Kansas; that picture an autumn slope along the Kansas river tinted with the foliage of the birch and the fir; that describe the Kansas prairies as "buttercupped"; that picture the swallow as lingering in grief over her snow-filled nest. The picture may be otherwise attractive, but when we come across this one false touch we lose interest in the whole, for it is evident that the poet got his spring day out of his head, or his buttercupped prairies out of some Eastern poet's book, and not from the great source itself.

Life is much the same in Kansas as elsewhere, and yet no two lives are precisely alike. There is no occasion for the fear that the world has outgrown poetry, nor is there any ground for the expectation that Kansas poetry shall be distinctive and recognizable by its subjects or its language. There is not much sense in the demand that poetry shall smack of the soil.

Those people who talk of poetry smacking of the soil forget that while poetry must, indeed, grow from the soil, the fruit, if it be a noble fruit, should not smack of the soil. The yam and the peanut smack of the soil. The

apple of the Hesperides does not. And so the expectation that America should produce a poetry characteristically American, or Kansas a literature characteristically Kansan, is as vain as the expectation that we shall find in our State birds or plants peculiar to our latitude and longitude. There have, indeed, been foreign critics who have thought to distinguish the peculiar national flavor in some of our verse, and have honored the product of one of our local poets with the designation of "exuberantly American." It may be that the author was satisfied with the compliment, but as a rule poetry of the exuberantly American kind is not apt to strike the fancy of those who know and like the best poetry of the world.

But while the demand and expectation that literature shall smack of the soil—that is, that the reader shall be able, on setting his spiritual teeth into a piece of verse or a story, to say, if he is a connoisseur, "Why yes, that was grown on the southwest forty of Deacon Sedgwick's upland farm," or "This has the scent of the crab-apples on the North Campus,"—while this expectation is based on a narrow and wrong theory of literature, yet there is a sense in which literature belongs to the soil. Literature, like a tree, must have roots. It cannot thrive at all away from the true soil of Nature, and very poorly, indeed, in a window-garden. If a soul does not know some spot of earth, and know it intimately and lovingly, it cannot sing the glories of the earth. If a soul does not know humanity in some number of individuals, and know intimately and lovingly and sympathetically, it can never become the medium for the expression of their sentiments. But in so far as the picture is purely local or individual,

it runs the risk at least of missing the universal features which shall make it susceptible of immortality.

KANSAS IN LITERATURE.

(Volumes and Brochures.)

BY HALF-DECADES.

1854-1860	23	1881-1885	49
1861-1865	5	1886-1890	52
1866-1870	8	1891-1895	52
1871-1875	16	1896-1899	46
1876-1880	13		

SELECTIONS.

THE SONG OF THE KANSAS EMIGRANT.¹

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

[Printed in the first issue of the *Herald of Freedom*, one of the first Free-State papers published in Kansas, October 21st, 1854.]

We cross the prairies as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

CHORUS: The homestead of the free, my boys,
The homestead of the free;
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine. [Chorus.]

We're flowing from our native hills,
As our free rivers flow;
The blessings of our mother-land
Is on us as we go. [Chorus.]

¹ Our title, "Kansas in Literature," permits the introduction of a few famous pieces by Whittier and Lucy Larcom, which were prompted by Kansas events.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells. [Chorus.]

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in her van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man. [Chorus.]

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun. [Chorus.]

We'll tread the prairies as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea;
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free. [Chorus.]
—John G. Whittier.

THE BURIAL OF BARBER.¹

Bear him, comrades, to his grave:
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie-grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
What we sow in tears shall reap.

¹ Thomas W. Barber was murdered three miles west of Lawrence, December 11th, 1855, by James Burnes and George W. Clark, Pro-Slavery men.

Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas frozen still
 As his noble heart below,
And the land he came to till
With a freeman's thews and will,
 And his poor hut roofed with snow!

One more look of that dead face,
Of his murder's ghastly trace!
 One more kiss, O widowed one!
Lay your left hands on his brow,
Lift your right hands up and vow
 That his work shall yet be done.

.....
Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay your slain one down to rest;
 Lay him down in hope and faith;
And above the broken sod,
Once again to Freedom's God
 Pledge yourselves for life or death—

That the State whose walls ye lay,
In your blood and tears to-day,
 Shall be free from bonds of shame,
And your goodly land untrod
By the feet of slavery, shod
 With cursing as with flame.

Plant the buckeye on his grave,
For the hunter of the slave
 In its shadows cannot rest;
And let martyr mound and tree
Be your pledge and guaranty
 Of the freedom of the West. —Whittier.

A CALL TO KANSAS.¹

TUNE—"Nelly Bly."

Yeomen strong, hither throng!
Nature's honest men;
We will make the wilderness
Bud and bloom again.
Bring the sickle, speed the plow,
Turn the ready soil!
Freedom is the noblest pay
For the true man's toil.
Ho, brothers! come, brothers!
Hasten all with me;
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of liberty.

Father, haste! O'er the waste
Lies a pleasant land.
There your fireside's altar-stones,
Fixed in truth, shall stand.
There your sons, brave and good,
Shall to freemen grow,
Clad in triple mail of right,
Wrong to overthrow.
Ho, brothers! come, brothers!
Hasten all with me;
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of liberty!

Mother, come! Here's a home
In the waiting West;
Bring the seeds of love and peace,
You who sow them best.

¹Written in competition for a prize of \$50, offered in 1855 by the New England Emigrant Aid Company for the best song in aid of the Kansas movement. This poem took the prize.

Faithful hearts, holy prayers,
Keep from taint the air;
Soil a mother's tears have wet
Golden crops shall bear.
Come, mother! fond mother,
List, we call to thee;
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of liberty!

Brother brave, stem the wave!
Firm the prairies tread!
Up the dark Missouri flood
Be your canvas spread.
Sister true, join us too,
Where the Kansas flows;
Let the Northern lily bloom
With the Southern rose.
Brave brother! true sister!
List, we call to thee;
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of liberty!

One and all, hear our call
Echo through the land!
Aid us with a willing heart
And the strong right hand!
Feed the spark the Pilgrims struck
On old Plymouth Rock!
To the watch-fires of the free
Millions glad shall flock.
Ho, brother! come, brother!
Hasten all with me;
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of liberty! —*Lucy Larcom.*

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.¹

A blush as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun,
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The plowman lies dumb.

¹ The Marais du Cygne (in English "Swan's Marsh") is a stream running eastward in eastern Kansas. This poem commemorates the massacre of eleven Free-State men by Pro-Slavery men under Charles A. Hamilton, at Trading Post, in Linn county, May 19th, 1858.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn—
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
Green Marais du Cygne
When the death-smoke blew over
Thy lonely ravine!

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of His harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong:
Free prairie and flood,—
And fields of ripe food;
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood.

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

—*John G. Whittier.*

KANSAS.—1856.

Like the soft hand of love falls the air on my brow,
And sweet are the memories clasping me now,
And holy as life is the beauty that thrills
Through the hearts of the valleys, the views of the hills,
And sacred my home o'er the far-away sea;
Yet dearer than all is dear Kansas to me.

O she draws me and awes me with truth and with light,
As a Poet is drawn by the stars of the night,
And she touches the quick of my soul till it swims
On a sea of pure glory and blossoming hymns.
And I love her with beauty that seems to excel
The grandeur of heaven and the terrors of hell.

But not for the lavishing riches she owns,
And not for the wealth of her mountainous thrones,
And not for the forests that girdle her streams,
Nor her plains that melt as the amber of dreams,
And not for the spirit-like swell of her slopes,
Do I crown her with all the delights of my hopes.

But for queenliness, shown in the terrible time
When her raiment was soiled by the fingers of crime,
When the green of her gardens was spattered with red,
And the terraces dripped with the blood of her dead,
And her widows and orphans sat wringing their hands,
While malice and murder stalked over her lands.

For the storm which flashed forth from her beautiful
eyes
When her peerless affection was tempted with lies;
For the blow that she dealt in the treacherous face
Of the robber and spoiler who stood in her place;
And the joy of her tears, like the sun on the mists,
When she passed to the torture with chains on her wrists.

For the majesty wreathing the steps of her youth,
And all of her loveliness, all of her truth;
For all the deep lessons of wisdom she taught,
And all the great deeds which her strong hands have
wrought;
Oh, for this do I leap at the sound of her name,
And love her with love that mounts upward like flame.

—*Richard Realf.*

THE DEFENSE OF LAWRENCE.¹

All night upon the guarded hill,
Until the stars were low,
Wrapped round as with Jehovah's will
We waited for the foe;
All night the silent sentinels
Moved by like gliding ghosts;
All night the fancied warning bells
Held all men to their posts.

We heard the sleeping prairies' breath,
The forest's human moans,
The hungry gnashing of the teeth
Of wolves on bleaching bones;
We marked the roar of rushing fires,
The neigh of frightened steeds,
The voices as of far-off lyres
Among the river reeds.

We were but thirty-nine who lay
Beside our rifles then;
We were but thirty-nine, and they
Were twenty hundred men.
Our lean limbs shook and reeled about,
Our feet were gashed and bare,
And all the breezes shredded out
Our garments in the air.

¹ Referring to the Border-Ruffian invasion in September, 1856. Realf did not arrive in Kansas until the next month, and this poem was founded upon the description of his friend, Richard J. Hinton.

Sick, sick of all the woes which spring
Where falls the Southron's rod,
Our very souls had learned to cling
To freedom as to God;
And so we never thought of fear
In all those stormy hours,
For every mother's son stood near
The awful, unseen powers.

And twenty hundred men had met
And swore an oath of hell,
That ere the morrow's sun might set,
Our smoking homes should tell
A tale of ruin and of wrath,
And damning hate in store,
To bar the freeman's western path
Against him evermore.

.

And when three hundred of the foe
Rode up in scorn and pride,
Whoso had watched us then might know
That God was on our side,
For all at once a mighty thrill
Of grandeur through us swept,
And strong and swiftly down the hill
Like Gideons we leapt.

And all throughout that Sabbath day
A wall of fire we stood,
And held the baffled foe at bay,
And streaked the ground with blood.
And when the sun was very low
They wheeled their stricken flanks,
And passed on wearily and slow
Beyond the river banks.

Beneath the everlasting stars
We bended childlike knees,
And thanked God for the shining scars
Of His large victories;
And some, who lingered, said they heard
Such wondrous music pass
As though a seraph's voice had stirred
The pulses of the grass.

—*Richard Realf.*

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mighty seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and
hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is
bidden ;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling ;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the
revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized
is greater ;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands
the giving ;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves
of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the
doing ;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of
the wooing ;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the
heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence
of life is divine.

—*Richard Realf.*

THE CHILDREN.

Do you love me, little children?

Oh, sweet blossoms that are curled
(Life's tender morning glories!)

'Round the casements of the world,
Do your hearts climb up toward me,
As my own heart bends to you,
In the beauty of your dawning
And the brightness of your dew?

When the fragrance of your faces,
And the rhythm of your feet,
And the incense of your voices,
Transform the sullen street,—
Do you see my soul move softly
Forever where you move;
With an eye of benediction
And a guarding hand of love?

Oh, my darlings, I am with you,
In your trouble, in your play;
In your sobbing and your singing,
In your dark and in your day;
In the chambers where you nestle,
In the hovels where you lie;
In the sunlight where you blossom,
In the blackness where you die.

Not a blessing broods above you
But it lifts me from the ground;

Not a thistle-barb doth sting you
But I suffer with the wound;
And a chord within me trembles
To your lightest touch or tone,
And I famish when you hunger,
And I shiver when you moan.

I have trodden all the spaces
Of my solemn years alone;
And have never felt the cooing
Of a babe's breath near my own;
But with more than father-passion,
And with more than mother-pain,
I have loved you, little children—
Do you love me back again? —*Richard Realf.*

MY SLAIN.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah! darling, when you cling and nestle so,
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;
I who, with whetted knives of worldliness,
Did put my own child-heartedness to death—
Beside whose grave I pace forever more,
Like desolation on a ship-wrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossom, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of a child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O moaning life with life irreconciled;
O backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies; weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for you?
Take back your doubtful wisdom and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.
—Richard Realf.

IN THE FOREST.

We lie beneath the forest shade
Whose sunny tremors dapple us:
She is a proud-eyed Grecian maid,
And I am Sardanapalus:
A king uncrowned, whose sole allegiance
Obtains in dusky forest regions.

How cool and liquid seems the sky;
How blue and still the distance is!
White fleets of cloud at anchor lie,
And mute are all existences,
Save here and there a bird that launches
A shaft of song among the branches.

Within this alien realm of shade
We keep a sylvan Passover;
We happy twain—a wayward maid,
A careless, gay philosopher;
But unto me she seems a Venus,
And Paphian grasses nod between us.

Her drooping eyelids half conceal
A vague, uncertain mystery;
Her tender glances half reveal
A sad, impassioned history:
A tale of hopes and fears unspoken,
Of thoughts that die and leave no token.

"Oh, braid a wreath of budding sprays
And crown me queen," the maiden says;
"Queen of the shadowy woodland ways,
And wandering winds whose cadences
Are unto thee those words repeating
Which I must perish while secreting!"

I wove a wreath of leaves and buds
And flowers with golden chalices,
And crowned her queen of summer woods
And dreamy forest palaces,—
Queen of that realm whose tender story
Makes life a splendor, death a glory.

—*Edmund Flint.*

JUANITA.

Tableau:—A yellow, crawling flood,
Pouring out from the buffalo plains;
Thick with a ropy, slimy mud;
Swoln and frothing with recent rains.
Sand-banks fringe it; scanty ranks
Of gawkish cottonwoods shade the banks.
Its tortuous channels wind and twist
Through an aguish ocean of morning mist.
From the low north bank to the southern ridge
Runs a patent, brand-new, pile-built bridge.
Through thickets of elm and plum we pass
To broad savannas of cane-like grass,
Fit for the old-time mammoth's jaw;
Such a stream is the Arkansas.

North a mile, on a swelling down,
Stands a fussy, half-fledged border town.
Gaudily colored sign-boards shine
On the new-built fronts of paintless pine;
Cottonwood shanties, warped and lank,
With log-walled cabins stand in rank;
A "Third-class City" by Kansas code;—
 A fitting home for the Western Muse;
Yet the Saxon spirit hath found abode
 In this petty town, with its slops and slews.
'Tis said that money shall yet be made
From Texas herds and the Indian trade;
By cutting marble and brewing malt;
By mining gypsum, cement, and salt;
And daily the streets are all alive
With sharp-eyed swarms from the Yankee hive.

Down by the river-bank, a park
Of wagons, clumsy as Noah's ark,
Each one filled with a mighty weight
Of soldiers' rations and traders' freight.
O'er all is the veil of darkness drawn
Tenderly fringed with the morning dawn.
In the growing light the dew-drops shine:
Can you see the picture, reader mine?

—*H. B. Norton.*

SAN JACINTO.

We sat in a lodge on the Great Salt Plain,
Watching the Old Year die;
The midnight clouds poured sleet and rain,
And the hurricane swept the sky.
My comrade there was a borderer gray,
Who walked with God in the good old way;
Who many a year had ranged the land,
Rifle and Bible in either hand.
His eye was fixed and very bright,
And his voice was stern and low,
And he talked of San Jacinto's fight,
And the fall of the Alamo.

.

"The Dons were all uncommonly gay
In the camps by the river-side that day.
In Santa Anna's grand marqu e
Was a mighty glitter of green and gold;
The Aztec Eagle was floating free
On the silken banner's gorgeous fold,
And the generals sat at their noonday meal
With the high-born grace of old Castile.
Smiles were beaming on every face;
'Twas the triumph-hour of the Latin Race.
At the Alamo by the Guad loupe
They had broken the northern bull-dog's jaw;
They had marked his flying banners droop,
Torn by the Mexican Eagle's claw;
His fugitive army the scouts had seen
Fording the shoals of the broad Sabine,
And though it had cost them blood and toil,
Not a Yankee was left on their sacred soil.

And the Great Republic of the North
Of her own dark dealings may well beware;
She sent these cursèd bandits forth:
Let her sustain them, if now she dare!
Let her but raise a hostile hand,
And the Mississippi shall see again
The van of our victorious band,
And the conquering flag of the sons of Spain!

“But hark! what means that thunderous shout?
The northern rifle’s deadly crack,
The answering volleys pealing out,
Tell of a sudden, fierce attack.
Mexicans, up! To your posts away!
The Yankee devils have turned at bay!

“But ah! what leader’s word or might
Could check that crazed and maddened flight?
On frantic front and flying flanks
Came rushing our tatterdemalion ranks.
Desperate, famished, our souls could feel
No more than statues of stone or steel.
We heard the crush—half-muffled—dull—
Of a rifle clubbed on a shattering skull;
We heard the quivering fibres part
As the bowie cut through the Greaser’s heart;
But our spirits felt not ruth or pain,
And every eye was fierce and cold,
And naught but corpses strewed the plain,
As southward the terrible norther rolled.

And the air seemed full of warlike ghosts;
Hawkins, Drake, and the glorious crew
Who sent the Great Armada's hosts
Down to death in the bottomless blue.
And a horrible, hoarse, blood-hungry yell
Came with every deadly blow,
Ever seeming to rise and swell—
'Remember the Alamo!''

—*H. B. Norton.*

THE OVER-GIFT. *

Love hath his times and seasons,
And why need one complain?
With manifold fair reasons,
Sweet kisses and keen treasons,
He mingles joy with pain;
So why need one complain?

We found young love a-crying,
And wanner than white death;
We caught him up half dying,
And in our four arms lying,
We fed him on our breath
And kissed him out of death.

We chafed his body's pallor
To nimble white and red;
We cleansed his raiment's squalor,
Our hot lips woke blood's valor,
From chilly foot to head,
In swift fierce heats of red.

We nursed him on lip-honey,
And housed him in our breasts;
Through lowering days and sunny
He paid us in Love's money,
And took his happy rests
In our unresting breasts.

But when his strength was greater,
He pined for riper fare;
His eyes got fierce, and, later,
He grew a youngling satyr,
In all his eager air,
From overmuch sweet fare.

He spoiled our springing garden
Of its green-growing fruit;
Repulsed the weeping warden,
Despised our ready pardon,
And with rude hand and foot
Destroyed our tender fruit.

Rich wines and fiery spices,
Gold honey from the hive,
The melon's lush cool slices—
Whatever most entices—
Our eager hands did give
And his hot hands receive.

But all our lavish giving
Our need cut short one day;
Our best, last gift receiving,
He spread his young wings, grieving,
And then flew quite away,
Nor came back any day.

Time kinder is than cruel,
And we cannot complain.
Love's torch's scanty fuel,
Burnt dead without renewal,
Brings us deserved pain,
And we cannot complain.

—*Don Lloyd Wyman.*

TWO SONGS.

(YOUTH.)

O Time, sweet Time; O pleasant Time!
Dear Time, whose hours and days are gold!
Whose nights, however hot or cold,—
Soaked through with heat or glassed with rime,—
Are filled with pleasures manifold!

O Time, large-hearted, generous Time!
Who bringest gifts so rare, so sweet;
A gladness to the springing feet;
A spirit which must soar and climb
For rapture and the joy of it!

O Time! O much-abused Time!
I see no glass, no sickle keen;
Your hands are all too soft, I ween;
For any labor's sweat and grime—
Your hands are all too white and clean.

(AGE.)

O Time! O cursèd, ruthless Time!
The song I sang you in my youth,
Believing it the truest truth,
Was but a false, a silly rhyme;
A baseless, foolish song, in sooth!

O Time! O cruel, cruel Time!
The gifts you gave me, where are they?
The rapture of the night and day?
The wild joy of my early prime?
The gifts that met me every way?

O Time! deceitful, cheating Time!
I see the glass, the sickle keen!
Your bony hands are not too clean
For labor or for any crime,—
No crime, however low or mean!
—*Don Lloyd Wyman.*

A FANTASY.

If sometime you should hear it said
Of me, "You knew her? She is dead!"
"Ah!" you will briefly, quickly say,
And careless pass your busy way.
But in the maze of crowded street
Somehow the words themselves repeat;
Darkens the sunshine overhead;
Life is the same, yet she is dead!
The busy days go on their round,
The dead are buried under ground;
Yet twilight, sunset, and the dawn
Repeat, "She loved you—she is gone."

And from the evening's hush and gloom,
Amid the shadow-haunted room,
Or conjured up from murmured rhyme,
Smiles a fair face from olden time,
With eyes as blue and brow as fair,
And softly waving, scented hair,
And lips as clinging, fond with truth,
And tender with the dew of youth;
Now passion-pure, so cold and pale
They smile behind the spirit-veil,
Soft whispering over earthly strife—
"Love, I have loved you all my life!"
You murmur, "It is true, they said—
My love that loved me, she is dead!"

—Cora M. Downs.

FROM "THE STORY OF THE NORTH."

And then the eyes of Michigan turned to the absent band
Who had gone across the river to people this Kansas land.
But the corn, like a foe with banners, stood up in the even-
ing red,
And the starry flag of the twilight hung peacefully over-
head;
And about the homes of them who stayed, and of them who
went away,
The same brave-hearted symbols held watch of the night
and day.

And we thought of the tireless sower, who out of his liberal
hand
Was strewing the Michigan farmers like seed on the
prairie land,
And we trusted that when the reaping of war should come
to pass,
They would follow a Jacob Howard instead of a Lewis
Cass!
And we knew that the silent army that stood so green and
tall
Might be withered and torn and wounded, and soon or late
would fall;
Yet it held the golden glory to which it had pledged its
all.
Was it not so, O friends, to whom such moments of trial
came,
Who were beaten by thundering horse-hoofs and winnowed
by blasts of flame?
And did it fail in the early day, and did it fail in the late,
That you forget how the balance was posed on this young-
est State,
And how with the fate of Kansas was linked the nation's
fate?
Your answer comes with the billowy plumes, and pennons
of wheat and corn;
Your answer comes with the towns that rise from ashes of
hate and scorn;
Your answer comes from the scars of pain and the scald-
ing tears of grief:
For these were the thorns which your hands have found in
binding up the sheaf.

JOHN BROWN.

A hush comes over the story; a swaying back and forth,
Before the clinch for the combat between the South and
the North;
But under the lull and luridness of a daylight nearly done
John Brown had strapped his knapsack and taken his
Kansas gun.

It was early in the morning, ere the stars began to wane
Or the light of any morrow flushed the eastern sky again,
When the hills of Harper's Ferry echoed back a sudden
gun,
And the clock of human freedom in the darkness sounded
One!

There were some who waked and questioned when they
heard that wild alarm;
There were some who rose with gladness and began in
haste to arm;
There were some who prayed and waited for the coming
of the sun,
As the clock of human freedom in the darkness sounded
One!

And thus in doubt and waiting we plunged onward in the
night,
Girding up each steady muscle for the long and coming
fight;
For the work of all the ages must be well and surely done,
And the clock of human freedom in the dark had sounded
One!

Again the peal has sounded through the morning full and
clear,
With its sweetest chime of triumph sweeping in a happy
year,
And the guns of loyal armies have answered back the gun
Which alone within the darkness rang out the stroke of
One!
—*Samuel W. Duffield.*

MATER DOLOROSA.

An empty nest up in the maple swings;
An empty heart is waiting at the door;
The wrens will come, but oh, the summer brings
To these sad arms their nestling brood no more.

Where is my stalwart boy that trod,
O couchant hill, thy happy sod?
And thou, blue sky, canst thou forget
My baby's eyes that mirrored thee?
They seven days looked in mine, and yet
Saw not my gaze of agony.

With me in tragic chorus all things weep;
The waves dash faint and sobbing on the shore;
The rainy skies their days of mourning keep
Because of death and them that are no more.

The vestal autumn wandered musing by,
Telling her beads with tears, and woe is me!
The maniac wind raves wild: I hear it sigh
And mutter of my great calamity.

Up, folded hands! Rouse thee, O sleeping will!
Be still, my aching heart; be still, be still!
Come with brown leaves, O sexton red-breast, come!
And cover my sweet babes that here lie dumb.

Speak to me, pear and apple tree,
Of April's immortality!
Prophetic from thy funeral pyre,
Declare, O dying western sun,
With thy ten thousand tongues of fire,
To-morrow's resurrection-morn!

—*Nicholas Smith.*

THREE.

I.

There dwelt in one wide city people three:
A man whose lands,—an emerald sea,—
Ran east and west. Who, clothed in purple fine,
From jeweled goblets drank his amber wine.

II.

A woman like the morning, wondrous fair,
With rays of 'prisoned sunshine in her hair;
Whose life ran like a river, strong and sweet,
While hearts, like autumn leaves, dropped at her
feet.

III.

A drunkard with blear eyes and bloated face,
Who on God's earth had no sweet resting-place;
Who ate with swine, in filthy gutters slept,
Forgot his own, and neither smiled nor wept.

IV.

When, over the wide city ran a breath
Of fell disease, and these three slept in death,
Fear-stricken, awed, the world forgot its pride,—
Wealth, beauty, beggary, lay side by side.

V.

And Mother Nature took them to her breast,
Wrapped her strong arms about them in their
rest,—
Her children all! Then o'er each lowly bed
Her coverlet of grass and daisies spread.

—*Annie F. Burbank.*

“GOD SAVE OUR TOWN.”

(From a Carrier's Address.)

Beyond the sea in cities old,
With time-worn walls and moss-grown towers,
Still, as we are by travelers told,
The ancient watchman calls the hours;
At midnight, when the moon rides high,
Rings out his voice to the roofs and sky,
“Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock, and all's well.
God save our town.”

But scarce his voice has died away
Ere from the great cathedral down
Midst the sculptured saints who pray all day,
Rings out o'er the sleeping town
The pealing voice of the mighty bell,
“All's well, all's well.
God save our town.”

And thus the carrier comes to-day,
Like the old watchman far away,
And thus to each and all doth say:
From flood, from fire,
From battle's ire,
From earthquake's harm,
From rage of storm,
From pestilence that walks abroad,
And spreads its flight,
By noon and night,
God save our town.

From pride that scorns a neighbor poor,
Or drives a beggar from his door;
From misers hoarding up their gold,
From rascals cunning, bright, or bold,—
Each in their several degree,
And from the loud-voiced Pharisee,
God save our town.

—*Noble L. Prentis.*

CORONADO'S MARCH.

I don't mean any offense, Mister,—it's good as stories go,
But three hundred years is so far back that it ain't for
me to know
If the first white speck on the western sea was made by
a Spanish sail,
And the first lone grave on the plains was dug beside a
Spanish trail.

But it runs in my head about Plymouth Rock, and the
start on the eastern shore.

If your story's true, the Spaniard's march was many
a year before.

Do you mean to say he came here first, while a continent
closed him in,

A thousand miles on every hand, where an Englishman
never had been?

The days are long and dreary here, and the night passes
silent and slow;

They must have been longer and drearier still, three hun-
dred years ago.

There's times when there's naught but the endless hills,
dim and far and blue,

And sighing wind and sailing clouds, and nobody here
but you.

But I seem to see, when I hear you talk, how the plains
stretched away from the sight,

And the hills that went down in the sunset rose again
in the morning light,

And the coyote that basked in the shadows, and barked
till the dawn of day,

And the buffalo lift his shaggy head and clumsily gallop
away.

I can see afar on the hilltop the moving lances shine,
And the pennon dance in the southern wind at the head of
the straggling line,

And the camp-fire spark in the evening, gleam through
the darkness far;

And seem, on the dim horizon-line, like a red, setting star.

And even now, as the night comes, and the shadows gather
round,
And you tell the old-time story, I can almost hear the
sound
Of the horses' hoofs in the silence, and the voices of
struggling men;
For the night is the same forever, and the time comes
back again.

There are gathering forms on the hillside, stretching their
thin arms high,
And they seem to nod and beckon against the sombre sky;
It is but the tender cactus, each with its milk-white bloom,
But they seem in the falling twilight as if each wore a
Spanish plume.

If you hear, with your ear to the pillow, a pit-a-pat soft
in the dark,
And you rise from startled slumber some stealthy foe to
mark,
It is only the rabbit's playmate idly wandering near,
But it seems in the mighty silence, like a trampling host
you hear.

.
And now the fair southwestern hills, and lonely southern
streams,
And alkali, and rock and sage, shut in the Spaniard's
dreams.
And there, forgetting and forgot,—dying of slow
decay,—
In those low fields and squalid town his followers pass
away.

—James W. Steele.

OPPORTUNITY.

Maker of human destinies am I!

Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate

Deserts and seas remote, and passing by

Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late

I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,

And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe

Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;

I answer not, and I return no more.

—*John J. Ingalls.*

THE HOMES OF KANSAS.

The cabin homes of Kansas!

How modestly they stood,

Along the sunny hillsides,

Or nestled in the wood.

They sheltered men and women,

Brave-hearted pioneers;

Each one became a landmark

Of Freedom's trial years.

The sod-built homes of Kansas!
Though built of mother earth,
Within their walls so humble
Are souls of sterling worth.
Though poverty and struggle
May be the builder's lot,
The sod house is a castle
Where failure enters not.

The dug-out homes of Kansas!
The lowliest of all,
They hold the homestead title
As firm as marble hall.
Those dwellers in the cavern,
Beneath the storms and snows,
Shall make the desert places
To blossom as the rose.

The splendid homes of Kansas!
How proudly now they stand
Amid the fields and orchards,
All o'er the smiling land.
They rose up where the cabins
Once marked the virgin soil,
And are the fitting emblems
Of patient years of toil.

God bless the homes of Kansas!
From poorest to the best;
The cabin of the border,
The sod house of the west;
The dugout, low and lonely,
The mansion, grand and great;
The hands that laid their hearthstones
Have built a mighty State.

—*Sol Miller.*

THE MODEL OLD COUPLE.

There never was a wedded pair
That equaled Dad and Mam;
In harvesting he capped the sheaf,
In spanking she took the palm.

She used to scour the pots and pans,
While he would scour the hills;
She footed all the stockings,
And he footed all the bills.

No vices marred his perfect health,
Or made his eyes grow dim;
The filthy weed that others chewed,
It was eschewed by him.

He never loafed about the town,
In wrangle or dispute;
And when he wished to go ahead,
He often went afoot.

The dumb and helpless beasts of toil
Received his kindest care;
Of nights he'd shed his cattle, and
The cattle shed their hair.

He said: "This little rule I find,
Will win, and seldom lose;
My P's and Q's I always mind,
And also mind my ewes."

Said he: "Each day I never fail,
To thank the Lord anew;
He gives to us His rain, and we
Should give to Him His due."

With love towards her little flock
Her heart would overflow;
And when the children needed bread
She always kneaded dough.

If any scandal reached her ears,
While busy with her yarn,
She said she didn't give a snap—
And then she gave a darn.

Said she: "My neighbors' little sins
Do not my spirit vex;
In other eyes I see no beam
If mine are without specs."

Some said her dairy was her god—
But who our hearts can tell?
If work to worship is akin,
She loved her cheeses well.

At last when this contented pair
Had old and feeble grown,
He sat him down and made his will,—
She had one of her own.

—Sol Miller.

WALLS OF CORN.

Smiling and beautiful, heaven's dome
Bends softly o'er our prairie home.

But the wide, wide lands that stretched away
Before my eyes in the days of May;

The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy upland and timbered dell,

Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.

All the wide world is narrowed down
To the walls of corn, now sere and brown.

What do they hold—these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?

He who questions may soon be told;
A great State's wealth these walls enfold.

No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warder's horn;

Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold,
Left all unbarred, though thieves are bold.

Clothes and food for the toiling poor,
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door;

Meat for the healthy and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in chamber dim;

Shoes for the barefooted; pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;

Things of use for the lowly cot
Where (bless the corn!) want cometh not;

Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Booty for thieves that rob the land;—

All these things and many more,
It would fill a book but to name them o'er,
Are hid and held in these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.

Where do they stand—these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?

Open the atlas, conned by rule,
In the olden days of the district school.

Point to this rich and bounteous land,
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand.

"Treeless desert," they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsook by men.

Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.

Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?

And how would the wise ones have laughed in scorn
Had prophet foretold these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn!

—*Ellen P. Allerton.*

GOD KNOWS.

God only knows what fate the coming morrow
Holds in its close-shut hand—
What wave of joy, what whelming tide of sorrow,
May flood my heart's dry land.

But whether laughter, with its bounding billow,
Rolls up in joyous swell,
Or sorrow darkly flows beneath the willow,
I still will say, 'tis well.

And I will strew my seed upon the waters—
The sweet soil lies below—
Whether with smiles or tears it little matters,
So it may spring and grow.

I know my hand may never reap its sowing;
And yet some other may,
And I may never even see it growing—
So short my little day!

Still must I sow. Though I may go forth weeping,
I cannot, dare not stay;
God grant a harvest! though I may be sleeping
Under the shadows gray.

I know not but the ruthless frosts may wither,
The worm may eat the rose;
There may not be one flower or sheaf to gather.
Blindly I wait—God knows.

—*Ellen P. Allerton.*

A DIRGE.

The wind of autumn blows,
 So cold, so cold;
The wind of autumn blows,
Dead is the summer rose,
 And the withered grass lies rotting on the
 mould.

The frost creeps 'round the door,
 So still, so still;
The frost creeps 'round the door,
The cricket sings no more,
 No more at twilight pleads the whippoorwill.

I hear the owlet's cry,
 Forlorn, forlorn;
I hear the owlet's cry,
While the waning moon is high,
 And the raccoon's greedy call among the
 corn.

I mourn the summer dead,
 So soon, so soon;
I mourn the summer dead,
With all its glory fled,
 As I stand beneath the frosty waning moon.

And I think how life is going—
 So fast, so fast!
I think how life is going,
How swift its tides are flowing,
 How we scarcely hail our summer, ere 'tis
 past. —*Ellen P. Allerton.*

MOODS OF MARCH.

Wild is the dance abroad to-night,
As the drifts whirl to and fro;
Loud is the voice of the raging storm,
As the fierce gusts come and go;
Black are the panes where the black night leans
Like a homeless ghost in the snow.

Black are the panes where the black night leans;
Within, it is warm and light;
The fire purrs low and the kettle sings,
And the lamps shine soft and bright.
Little care we for the wind and the cold,
And little care we for the night.

What is that cry, out-voicing the storm,
That sounds on the drifted plain?
What is that throbbing, thunderous roar?
It is only the midnight train,
Screaming and thundering through the night,
Like a monster mad with pain.

Silent as sleep is the wintry morn;
All spotless the snowdrifts lie;
Pillars of smoke from household fires
Mount straight to the cold, blue sky.
Yonder a "freight" creeps heavy, and slow,
Where the night train thundered by.

Wild was the night, and cold the morn;
It is noon, and the warm winds blow;
The eaves run streams, and under our feet
Is the slush of the melting snow.
Birds are singing, the air is like May,
And the wild geese northward go.

Poets, writing your odes to spring—
Your poems of stanzas ten—
Haste to finish, for moods of March
Are changeful as moods of men.
I tried it once, but the wind veered North,
And the ink froze on the pen.
—*Ellen P. Allerton.*

THE WANDERER.

I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go;
Only a sigh of pain
And a wanderer's life I know.

I long for rest always,
I long for quiet alone;
Into a vale of rest
My pathway has never gone.

I fear to raise my voice,
I speak to hear but a sigh;
Ever I wander alone,
And ask myself bitterly why.
—*James A. Wickersham.*

THE BOATMAN'S SONG.

Come now, my love, the moon is on the lake
 And on the waters is my light canoe;
 Come with me, love, and gladsome oars shall make
 A music on the parting wave for you.
 Come o'er the waters deep and dark and blue;
 Come where the lilies in the marge have sprung,
 Come with me, love, for oh, my love is true.
 This is the song that on the lake was sung,—
 The boatman sang it over when his heart was young.
 —A. A. Whitman, in *Twasinta*.

LULLABY.

Out of the dark into the light,
 Into day-dawn from the night;
 Down from a perilous height—
 Baby dear,
 Do not fear!

Strange is the wind and the tide,
 The heavens eternally wide;
 Less fathomed, this life at my side—
 Mother's near,
 Do not fear!

Your eyes look steadfast at me,
 Something unseen seem to see,—
 Thought of a bird or a bee—
 Hark and hear,
 Do not fear!

Love it was beckoned to you
 Over the hills, through the blue
 Shadows that shut God from view—
 I am here,
 Do not fear! —W. H. Simpson.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, dear heart!
Since at life's cross-roads we must part:
Yours the home-nest, while my feet stray
The thorny way.

Sweet, none can miss
Love's pain or woe, its joy or bliss;
All these endure, when naught shall be
This sky, this sea.

Things lesser pass—
Both sky and sea, and waving grass,
And you and I—but love remains,
Its joys, its pains.

—*W. H. Simpson.*

JOHN BROWN.

John Brown—that's all; a serious-purposed man,
Hard-handed, tender-hearted; God's great plan
Through his gnarled, knotty nature pulsing ran.

"Fanatic!" hissed the mob, with loud acclaim:
They, unremembered; he, close-clasped by fame,
While fades away the gallows' dreadful shame.

Each cause its Christ, its sacrifice to might!
Scorn soon is done, and Freedom's piercing light
Dispels the mists 'round Calvary's awful height!

—*W. H. Simpson.*

MEADOW LARK AND PRAIRIE WIND.

An airy flutter of slender, brown wings,
And hark! is it joy or sorrow that sings
In the one swelling note,
That trembles and thrills through the long-lifted
throat?

A rush o'er the prairies, a sorrowful cry,
And the quivering grasses bow down with a sigh,
Stirred deep by emotion
That in the wind sings and cries o'er the wide
grassy ocean.

A thrill of the heart, a tremble of grasses,
And wind-sound and bird-song a melody passes.
We puzzle long, but we may not know
If wind or lark first sang this song,
With its burden of exquisite woe.

—*Anne Reece Pugh.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

Swift flies the day, swift goes the light,
Dear love, sweet love, kind love, good-night.
A dark and gloomy day, but the stars gleam bright,
Dear love, fair love, true love, good-night.

Quick turns the glass, and hope is out of sight,
Dear hope, sweet hope, kind hope, good-night.
Time flies, hope speeds, my youth has taken flight,
Dear hope, sweet hope, false hope, good-night.

Still am I bound by love's fair night,—
Dear love, sweet love, gentle love, good-night.
God guard the lass who holds my heart-strings tight,
Dear love, sweet love, false love, good-night.

None like a mother's love, in breadth, depth, height,
Mother dear, mother fair, mother true, good-night.
Whether for worst or best, God knows aright,
Youth's love, heart's love, life's love, good-night.

The gates will open soon, forgot be storm and blight,
Mother and sweetheart, God bless both, good-night.

—*Anonymous.*

MY LOVE.

Her face lights up with happy smile,
As I come near her.
Her thoughts, I know, are free from guile,
And in her heart dwells ne'er a wile;
No need to fear her.

My arms enfold her, sweet and fair,
(Full oft I've kissed her,)
While o'er my shoulder falls her hair
In golden ringlets, rich and rare,—
My baby sister.

—*Solon Thacher Gilmore.*

AMORES COLLEGIENSES.

(Senior year: They fix it up—for convenience—to finish out the course; but then comes the final break. He writes thus:)

“And so it ends.”

And thou with smile and word and heart
So feather-light (and feather-work)
Canst say these words, “And so we part,
And so it ends!”

“What matters it?
What difference will it bring to me?”
Thou knowest well, but askest thus,
That thou may'st smile and mock at me,—
What matters it?

What matters it?
The sun and stars will rise o'erhead:
But what is light, and what is night,
And beauty, what?—if love lies dead,
What matters it?

And so it ends.
Small difference will it bring to me;
A little less of hope and faith,
And more to bear. I pray it be,
In aftertime, no more to thee.
And so it ends.

(They go out into the cold world to try it over again.)

—James Willis Gleed.

SONG.

(On the hills above Santa Fé at midnight.)

Sleep, little town; the night grows old,
Orion stoops to kiss the hills,
And silence all the valley fills,
And flocks are still in field and fold.

Sleep, little town; the creeping mist
Muffles the river at thy feet,
Hushed are the noises of the street,
And all the mighty winds are whist.

Sleep, little town; thy rugged notch
Enfolds thee close from foes and fears;
And, lo! above thee through the years
The mountains keep their sleepless watch.

—*Arthur Graves Canfield.*

AFTERGLOW.

When day has shut his prying eye
Within his chamber of the west,
And neither moon nor stars are nigh,
And listening winds are laid to rest,
And tell-tale birds brood on the nest,
Glad Earth looks up to happy sky,
To tell his love ere it be night.
He whispers low beneath his breath,
And sweet and secret things he saith,
Till, lo! she blusheth with delight.

—*Arthur Graves Canfield.*

HISTORY.

Far-rising steeps of battle-trampled sod,
 Far wandering paths where bleeding feet have
 trod;—

A mountain moored in immemorial sea,
 And o'er the cloudy peak a splendor—God.

Arthur Graves Canfield.

CHAMOUNIX.

Sweet wee floweret, nestling low,
 By the white line of the snow,
 Growest thou not pale with dread
 Of the avalanche o'erhead?

All about thou see'st the wrack
 And the ruin of its track,
 And beneath, the waste of sand
 Where a village used to stand.

All the strength of men's device
 Falls before it in a trice;
 Thou, wee floweret, nod'st thy head,
 And its rushing feet are stayed.

.
 Love, O love, frail flower divine,
 Such mysterious power is thine,
 When the hot siroccos start
 The avalanches of the heart.

—Arthur Graves Canfield.

WHEN FIELDS GROW GREEN.

When fields grow green, and south-winds blow,
Through nature's veins new pulses flow;
Her swift feet twinkle where they pass,
And dandelions star the grass
And violets nestle and orchards grow.

The mating birds the season know,
And hand in hand young lovers go,
And every laddie has his lass,
When fields grow green.

Dead things re-live of long ago;
The shaggy satyrs to and fro
Dance in the wood, and, hark! alas!
The flute of luckless Marsyas,
Or Pan's own pipe blown long and low,
When fields grow green.

—*Arthur Graves Canfield.*

DOMUS ET PORTA.

“Hæc est Domus Dei
Et Porta Coeli.”

With moss and ivy grown
It marks the sacred stone,—
Let it stand.
It was carved by men of old,
Who have long been still and cold,
'Neath Mexic sand.

For, you see, it's my belief
That the Domus is a reef
 In the sea;
That the Porta is a dream,
Like the lights I thought did gleam
 Through to me.

I long had hope and faith,
Yet my hope was just a wraith,—
 For the hour;
And my prayers have gone to seed,
As a withered, ragged weed
 Without flower.

.

Though I do not enter in,
I dislike the scoffer's grin
 At the scroll.
For perhaps the priest was right,
With his home and gate, so trite,
 For a goal.

Nor you nor I should sneer
At what is written here
 In ancient bookish tongue.
Who knows,—not I nor you,—
If perchance the tale be true
 That priest and martyr sung?

What is graven on the stone,
Let us leave it, lads, alone
 With its dead.
It, on souls that toil and grieve,
If they only can believe,
 Hope doth shed.

Once there came a learnèd priest,
Holy man from Spanish east,—
 With all uncovered head
Bore the cross of Christ so far
Through the smoke and flame of war
 As Cortez dared to tread.

Here he rests, his task is done,
Here he lies, his peace is won,—
 Let him rest.
Who knows but 'tis of God's own,
And he's close beside the throne,
 A welcome guest?
 —*Edward Campbell Little.*

UNDER THE LEAVES.

A carpet all of faded brown,
 On the gray bough a dove that grieves;
Death seemeth here to have his own,
But the spring violets nestle down
 Under the leaves.

A brow austere and sad gray eyes,
 Locks in which Care her silver weaves;
Hope seemeth tombed no more to rise,
But God he knoweth on what wise
Love for Love's sunshine waiting lies
 Under the leaves.
 —*William Herbert Carruth.*

GOD BLESS YOU.

When you 've struggled hard and long
And the battle has gone wrong
And a world of cares oppress you,
Like cool water from a spring,
Like the balm the south-winds bring,
Are the simple words, "God bless you."

When you 're going far away,
Far from all you love to stray,
And the parting-pangs distress you,
Like a sunbeam in the heart,
Though the choking tears may start,
Are the words, "Good-by,—God bless you."

When the bitter days are past,
When your joy is full at last,
And the winds of heaven caress you,
Then the heart will overflow
While the happy head bends low
And a true friend says, "God bless you."

Be his faith in James or Paul,
One God, many, or none at all,
Whose kind lips the words address you,
Nothing matters; when it needs,
Doubts, philosophies and creeds
Are forgotten in "God bless you."

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire-mist and a planet,—
A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,—
The infinite, tender sky,—
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASSICS

A picket frozen on duty,—
 A mother starved for her brood,—
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And millions who, humble and nameless,
 The straight, hard pathway trod,—
 Some call it Consecration,
 And others call it God.
 —*William Herbert Carruth.*

TWO PICTURES.

There hangs a picture in my room,
 A battle-clouded sky,
 Cannon that belch athwart the gloom,
 And charging cavalry,—
 The field of Austerlitz—the sun
 Smoke-swathed, but dimly shines,—
 The peasant prince, Napoleon,
 Leads on the thinnèd lines.

.

Another picture I possess—
 Though wealth is not my boast
 I love art's treasures none the less—
 The last I value most:
 Pine woods, a cabin (true, such scenes
 Are common), hills beyond
 A lake, and Thoreau hoeing beans
 By Walden pond.
 —*Sylvester Fowler.*

KANSAS BIRD SONGS.

MOCKING-BIRD.

Yon mocking-bird that whistling soars
Borrows his little music-scores,
And mimics every piping tone
By sylvan lovers lightly blown,
To make his morning gladness known,—
Till down that molten silver pours,
Globule on globule, fast and faster;
Dare any blame the blithe tune-master,
Who counts all minstrelsy his own?

But, daylight ended,—then indeed,
As jet by jet a wound will bleed,
His very singing self breaks through!
Even so (lost Eden shut from view),
Some wildered soul, to sighing new,
When human lips first touched the reed—
Heart-pierced with rending love and sorrow—
Breathed notes too godlike sweet to borrow.
So, poet, shall it be with you.

CHEWINK.

Sing me another solo, sweet—
I have learnt this one by rote;
The endless merry-go-round repeat
Of the tuneful, tender, teasing note:
"Che-wink, che-wink!
Che-wink, che-wink!"
A moment's rest for the tired throat
(Just long enough for a heart to beat),
And at it again: "Che-wink, che-wink."

O bird, dear bird with the outspread wings
And little to chant about!—

When death reaches over the wreck of things
To stifle the soft, delighted shout:

“Che-wink, che-wink!

Che-wink, che-wink!”

And, all unruffled by dread or doubt,
Your musical mite of a soul upsprings,
Will you still go crying: “Che-wink, che-
wink”?

Little I know, but this I hold:

If the rushing stars should meet,—
Their crystal spheres into chaos rolled,—

Let only this one pure voice entreat:

“Che-wink, che-wink!

Che-wink, che-wink!”

Great Love would answer the summons sweet,
And a universe fresh as the rose unfold.

So at it again: “Che-wink, che-wink!”

—*Amanda T. Jones.*

HUMAN FAITH.

The spring that strives, complaining, to be free,
Or sluggish lingers in the vale below;
Although it wander from my sight, I know
’Twill one day reach the bosom of the sea.

A soul has left the earth, and silent flown,
A spirit purer than the mountain spring,
With truer course than has the plumèd wing,
And on an unknown, untried journey gone.

I know the brook will find the ocean deep,
The weary bird the distant sunny land;
And yet, and yet—O God, forgive! I stand
Beside the dead, and pray, and doubt, and weep.
—*Hattie Horner.*

MEMORIAL DAY.

Nature, sweet mother, loving all
With equal heart, forgetful twines
Her beauty round the battered wall,
And hides with flowers the battle lines.

In languid dream o'er vale and hill
The daisies sentinel her dead;
Heedless for what they fought and fell,
Or by what banner they were led.

Her children were they all, dear boys—
For something good each heart beat true;
Brothers, yet at the bugle's voice,
To battle marched in gray and blue.

Now in her arms the foes lie still;
She grants them gracious covering;
With quarrel done, their sweet good-will
The happy birds forever sing.

Oh, days of blood and jealous pain,
You hurt our hearts full deep and long,
That still the bitter thoughts remain,
Resentful of the costly wrong!

Oh, noble heart, whose sacrifice
Sealed gloriously the nation's cause,
Whose thoughts benevolent and wise
Are revered as the nation's laws;

How have we imitated thee,
Redeemed thy large and liberal word,—
If malice banish charity,
With hands still ready for the sword!

May incense of these roses fair
That die in this sweet death of May,
With breath of balm load all the air
To heal the hearts of blue and gray!

'Tis holy fragrance, fraught with fate
Grander than dwells in steam or steel;
And builds the fabric of a state
Worth all the woe that bought its weal.

So shall our heroes peaceful sleep,
While love and honor, flowers and stars,
Through centuries their vigils keep—
Till love and honor banish wars.
—A. A. B. Cavaness.

A WORN-OUT WOMAN RESTS.

Poor, tired hands, that toiled so hard for me!
At rest before me, now, I see them lying.
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see
That she was dying.

Poor rough, red hands, that drudged the livelong day,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning!
Oft toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm life-blood within them beating,
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating,

I think to-night that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That, e'en though tired, she would not wish to go
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart, that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping!
How still it is to sit here all alone
While she is sleeping!

Dear, patient heart, that deemed the heavy care
Of drudging household toil its highest duty;
That laid aside its precious yearnings there
Along with beauty!

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold!
(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud of rest about them fold
And leave me weeping.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

MIS' SMITH.

All day she hurried to get through,
The same as lots of wimmin do;
Sometimes at night her husban' said,
"Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"
And then she'd kinder give a hitch,
And pause half-way between a stitch,
And sorter sigh, and say that she
Was ready as she'd ever be,
She reckoned.

And so the years went one by one,
And somehow she was never done;
And when the angel said, as how
"Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now,"
She sorter raised her eyes to look
A second, as a stitch she took;
"All right, I'm comin' now," says she;
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,
I reckon."
—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

WHEN THE SUNFLOWERS BLOOM.

I've been off on a journey; I jes' got home to-day;
I traveled east, an' north, an' south, an' every other way;
I seen a heap of country, an' cities on the boom,
But I want to be in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

You may talk about yer lilies, yer vi'lets and yer roses,
 Yer asters, an' yer jassymins, an' all the other posies;
 I'll allow they all air beauties an' full 'er sweet perfume,
 But there's none of them a patchin' to the

Sun-
 Flower's
 Bloom.

Oh, it's nice among the mount'ins, but I sorter felt shet in;
 'T 'ud be nice upon the seashore ef it was n't for the din;
 While the prairies air so quiet, an' there's allers lots o'
 room,

Oh, it's nicer still in Kansas when the

Sun-
 Flowers
 Bloom.

When all the sky above is jest ez blue ez blue kin be,
 An' the prairies air a wavin' like a yaller driftin' sea,
 Oh, it's there my soul goes sailin' an' my heart is on the
 boom

In the golden fields of Kansas when the

Sun-
 Flowers
 Bloom.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

MY WEST COUNTRY LOVE.

I love a maiden, oh, so fair,
 Out in the West Countrie:
 She has blue eyes and golden hair,
 Out in the West Countrie—
 The bonny West,
 The gayest, best,
 The bonny West Countrie.

Her song is sweet as nightingale,
 Out in the West Countrie;
Her cheeks would make the roses pale,
 Out in the West Countrie,
 And shame the tint
 Of sunset in 't—
The bonny West Countrie.

I love this maid and she loves me,
 Out in the West Countrie;
Mayhap you wonder who she be,
 Out in the West Countrie,
 Whose love I know
 Is pure as snow,
Out in the West Countrie.

Well may I sing of this fair maid,
 Out in the West Countrie;
She's three years old, the little jade,
 Out in the West Countrie,
 And cries "papa,"
 And laughs "ha, ha!"
Out in the West Countrie.

—*John W. Beebe.*

EVENING.

The crimson light grows fainter in the west,
 I see Day's distant torches flare and fade;
 Across the purple twilight's deepening shade
A homeward bird fares toward its waiting nest.

In this still hour no sound of discord mars
The solitude that to the spirit lends
Its benison; while graciously descends
The tranquil benediction of the stars.

Within her realm of silence Night doth keep
The troubled world; to weary hands and eyes
From out the lofty, over-brooding skies
God gives His ever-blessèd boon of sleep.

—Allen D. Gray.

SYMPATHY.

*I had sinned, had fallen, had suffered, and knew myself
vile as could be,
When lo! to assuage my sorrows there came to me com-
forters three:*

I.

The first spake softly and sweetly,
And his words had a rhythmical flow
That charmed and held me completely,
But they brought no relief to my woe.
His life had been free from temptation,
No demon had entered his shrine,
He was safe in his high elevation,—
Could he, then, know sorrows like mine?

II.

The second spake words of compassion,
Words fraught with desire for my weal,
But I shrank from their meaningless fashion,
And vain were his efforts to heal.
His life had been filled with his sinning,
He had sought by his evil to shine,—
Remorseless in soul, what beginning
Could he know of contrition like mine?

III.

My third friend came quietly to me,
And few were the words he said,
But a thrill from his presence went through me
As I felt his soft touch on my head.
And the clouds hanging over me lifted
And through them the sun seemed to shine,
For on him half of my burdens were shifted
Who himself had known sorrows like mine.

*I had sinned, had fallen, had suffered, and knew myself
vile as could be,
But my courage revived as I grasped the strong hand of
the last of my comforters three.*

—J. W. D. Anderson.

EVENING AT CAPE MAY.

I.

Rich gleams of gold upon a western sky,—
Broad stretch of gold upon a quiet sea;—
Shore-seeking waves that softly break and die
In flaky foam that melts upon the lea:
Dieth the Day as soft and tranquilly!
The stars and crescent moon come out on high;
The beacons on the Sea-Wall shine,—and far
Across the bay, Henlopen's ruddy star
Kindles, and signals eve's departing light:
Slowly on land and sea descends the night!

II.

A leaden sky hangs o'er a leaden sea ;
Keen lightnings quiver over wave and land ;
Deep thunders roar,—and thunders ceaselessly
A sullen surf, hard beating on the sand ;
Before the gale the gull drifts aimlessly ;—
The tides of rain and surge meet on the strand ;
—A murk of storm blots out Henlopen light,
And all the world fast darkens into night.

—*Brinton W. Woodward.*

THE BROOK THAT RAN TO BRANDYWINE.

Nor one of all the thousand rills
Amid the everlasting hills,
Dashing from rock to rock their spray,
Or stealing silently away ;
From Ammonoosuc's windings shy—
To Mercede's sources far and high
Where sharp Sierras pierce the sky ;
Not one, or all of these, whose praise
Poets sing in tuneful lays,
Shall quicken pulse of mine in joy,
Like that one brook I knew as boy.

The rill that all the livelong day
With rocks and pebbles smooth at play,
Made everlasting roundelay.
Where oft I paddled "barefoot" feet,
Built my mill and sailed my fleet,
Just where the woods and meadows meet.
On sweeter stream I ne'er shall look
Than one little nameless brook,
Whose springs of life were near to mine,
—The brook that ran to Brandywine!

—*Brinton W. Woodward.*

THE GRADGERRATUN' O' JOE.

Way down crost the meadow an' cow-lot,
Thro' paths made by cattle an' sheep,
Where, cooled in the shade by the tall ellums made,
The old crick has curled up to sleep;
Down there where the wind sighun' mingles
'Ith prattelun' waters at play,
And the coo coo coo of the turtle-dove too,
Seeps in from the dim far away;
Down there by the banks of the Willer—
In spring where the sweet-williams grow—
'Twas at this place 'at he all the time used to be—
The home of our little boy Joe.

My oh—

How long ago.

Nope; none o' you could n't 'a' knowed him,
Way back there in seventy-four,
When Idy an' me concluded 'at we
'Ud edjicate Joe, rich or pore.
I mind how we skimped, scraped an' worried,
An' how our first Christmas was dim,
An' how mother cried when we had to decide,
We could n't send nothin' to him.
An' nobody else dreams the sorrow
'At Idy an' me 'd undergo,
A livun' that way all alone ever' day,
A yearnun' an' longun' fer Joe.

High O,

Long ago.

So Idy an' me went together,
To hear little Joe gradgerrate;
Little Joe, did I say? Meant big, anyway;
He spoke on the subject of "Fate."
An' my! but the "effort was splendid,"
The folks said 'at set by my side,
But I never hyurd a sentence 'er word,—
An' mother jest broke down an' cried.
I had n't the heart fer to ask her
What was the matter, you know;
Fer I felt she 'd 'a' said: "Our baby is dead,
I want back my own little Joe:
Our Joe
Of long ago."

So foller me down thro' the cow-lot—
Thro' paths made by cattle an' sheep,
To where in the shade by the tall ellums made
The old creek is tucked in to sleep;
Where sighs of the tired breeze whisper
To quiet the waters at play;
An' the dreamy coo coo of the turtle-dove true
Frightens care-phantoms away;
Fer I like to set hyur a thinkun',
An' astun the waters 'at play,
What's come o' the dear little boy 'at played here
In the days o' the long ago?
Our Joe;
High ho!

—William Allen White.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Recoiling from the touch
Of him who seeks too much,
A dainty thing thou art,
Whose sweetness seems a part
Of all that round thee grows;
More subtle than the rose,
Thy faint perfume scarce fills
The lambent air, yet thrills
Like nectar, till one feels
Thy shyness half conceals
A deeper ecstasy
Than e'er he dreamed to be.

The islands of the sea
That richly laden be
With redolence—not they,
Nor yet the far Cathay,
Nor orange orchard's bloom,
Surpass thy sweet perfume:
A type of some fine soul
Thou seem'st, that from the whole
Rude world doth safely keep
Its inmost secret deep,
And yet, that hath the power
To touch us as a flower.

—*W. C. Campbell.*

WHEN MORNING BREAKS.

When morning breaks upon the sight,
Where are the fears that came at night,
That whispered danger and dispraise,
That with a thousand vague dismays
Our resolution put to flight?

Ah! then these aliens to the light,
As seized upon by nameless fright,
Depart without adieus, delays,
When morning breaks!

And what is life with bloom and blight,
With contest over wrong and right?
A night where fear the sceptre sways,
A tyrant that prescribes and slays;
But lo! he flees, a trembling wight,
When morning breaks.

—*Ida A. Ahlborn.*

SUNSET.

The sun, like a Moslem prophet,
His turban has unfurled;
And lo! it floats as a banner
Across the western world.

—*Ida A. Ahlborn.*

KANSAS.

(For a picture.)

A gracious picture, clad in living green,
Enwrought with gold, and brodered thick with flowers,
A woman, strong in woman's noblest powers,
Who holds the sceptre of a fearless queen,
And there is love in her blue eyes, I ween,—
The love that keeps a watch from its own towers,
And on her lips the purpose that endowers
Her royal children with her royal sheen!

Above her floats a gonfalon, unfurled
That men may see her colors from afar,
And read therein her message to the world.
Steadfast she stands, be it in peace or war,
And falters not though heavy clouds be hurled
Athwart the glory of her guiding star.
—*Florence L. Snow.*

MIZPAH.

How shall I live, beloved, since the space
That lies between two worlds divides us twain,
Since I am left on earth with every stain,
And thou art pure enough to see God's face?
How can I linger on in this dark place,
Borne down with all this heavy load of pain,
When thou canst never come to me again,
Or still my yearning through thy tender grace?



But one thing yet remains for me to do:
Through sorrow I shall grow so near to thee
That God upon my spirit too will smile,
And to thy blessed leading prove so true
That I shall come in His good time to see
How He hath watched between us all the while.
—*Florence L. Snow.*

CHILDHOOD.

How good it was beneath the mounting morn
To loiter past the hazel thicket where
The baby nuts in such green growth were born,
And hid away with such especial care!
And then to lean against the ancient elm
That always watched my journeys to and fro,
And, looking upward, find the fairy realm
That only birds and children ever know!
Or, stretched full length upon the mossy ground,
Where fringing fern so tenderly uncurled,
How dear it was to catch the elfin sound
That sometimes echoes from the under-world,
And learn the secrets of the quiet nook
So fondly cherished by the faithful brook!
—*Florence L. Snow.*

VICTOR HUGO.

"He is a mal-formed giant."—*John Burroughs.*

"A mal-formed giant"! Let us rather say
That we are dwarfs who barely touch the knee
Of this great-passioned man, who dares to free
Himself from shackles, choosing his own way
To make us pygmies feel his mighty sway:—
And if on level with his eyes we'd be,
We first must reach his heart,—then we may see
From such rare height the Power he doth obey.
Or say he is a mountain-peak, his head
Upreared beyond the line of wreathèd mist,
Where lowland dwellers may sometime be led
O'er rocky steeps, through many a turn and twist,
•To find their native valleys wide outspread,
Into strange beauty by the ether kissed.

—*Florence L. Snow.*

A WOMAN'S HAND.

A woman's hand, in jewels dressed,
Or wearied by life's toilsome quest,—
Though supple, dimpled, clinging, bold,
Though wrinkled, trembling, cringing, old,—
Is ever strong and ever blessed.

Rich stores of tenderness confessed,
Sweet welcomes lingering in the breast,
Love, sympathy, and hope enfold
A woman's hand.

In toyings of the cradle-nest,
In sweetheart's shyly made behest,
In maiden's touch or mother's hold,—
Wherever hearts must be controlled,
Earth's highest, sweetest powers invest
A woman's hand.

—*Charles Moreau Harger.*

THE SOD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

An earthen mound on the prairie's swell,
The work of new settlers' hands,—
An uncouth temple for learning made,
Its walls of the rudest earth-squares laid,—
The lone sod school-house stands.

Not a tree in sight from the open door,
Not a shrub on the landscape's face,
But a sea of grass fills all the view,—
Its waves are of emerald's sparkling hue,
And above, cloud-shadows race.

I hear the sound of a tinkling bell,
The teacher's signal sweet;
There's a drowsy hum from a score of lips,
There's a smothered laugh at some dullard's slips,
And a noise of restless feet.

Do they think, as they tread the earthen floor,
Those children gathered there,
How near to Nature's true heart they stand,
Their tear-stained cheeks by their light breath fanned,
Their eyes on her features fair?

Do they hear the notes, forever new,
That the limitless prairies sing?—
'Tis a nobler strain than books have told,
Than choirs have breathed or organs rolled,
Or silver chimes can ring.

They say: "Be pure as our morning dew,
Be firm as our leagues of earth,
Be kind as our breezes that gently blow,
Be bright as our far sunset's glow,
Be gay as our song-bird's mirth.

"Look up to the light like the spears that wave
O'er all our stretching miles;
Let the flowers that dimple our bosom cast
A spell of beauty that shall at last
Tinge all thy years with smiles."

And the peaceful haze at yonder rim,
Just kissing the prairie sea,
Has a soft refrain for the song of life,—
It whispers: "Beyond this earthly strife
Lies the Glorious Rest to be."

Can the youthful ears but catch the hymn,
Can the hearts its lessons glean,
With what wealth of soul to the world they'll go
From that earth-walled school-room, cramped and
low,
On the plains of lustrous green!

—Charles Moreau Harger.

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

Slow was the weary, toilsome way
Where creaked the heavy-laden wain,—
Quaint follower of the speeding day
Across the plain.

White canvas covers, bulging, fair,
Enclosed fond hearts athrob with joy;
The builders of an empire there
Found safe convoy.

Along its course child-voices sweet
Marked all the strangeness of each scene;
While parents sought new homes to greet
With vision keen.

No luxury or ease was there
To lap the traveler into rest,
But stanch it bore the pioneer
On toward the West.

Deserted now, its ragged sails
Are furled—the port has long been won.
Sport of the boisterous, hurrying gales,
Through cloud and sun.

Unused, forlorn, and gray, it stands,
A faded wreck cast far ashore,
The Mayflower of the prairie lands,
Its journey o'er.

—Charles Moreau Harger.

A BALLADE OF SUMMER TRIPS.

Folders yellow, and pamphlets blue,
Widespread maps of land and sea,—
Famed resorts are there on view,
Crested peak and daisied lea;
To every one I'm urged to flee
And see the best beneath the dome,—
With each and all I quite agree
In summer trips I take at home.

Railroads, ships, and stage-lines, too,
Have schedules made most wondrously;
Their "extras" need large revenue,
Though some, like sky and air, are free;
These problems all I solve with glee;
From snowy height to breaker's comb,
Time, means and measures I foresee
In summer trips I take at home.

The old back porch hath vines a few
With blossoms nodding down at me;
Cracked ice, some mint, a straw or two—
And other things—are at my knee.
It's there I plan my jubilee,
Where figure wastes of salty foam
And glens and spas of high degree
In summer trips I take at home.

ENVOI.

Prince, when at last my dreams come true,
And, pleasure-bent, afar I roam,
Grant me such joy the journey through
As marks these trips I take at home.

—Charles Moreau Harger,

THE GREEN AND GOLD.

The breeze across the hills of morn
Is fair and fresh and sweet;
Green are the fields of waving corn,
And gold the fields of wheat.

These leagues of lustrous green enfold
A hope, whereon we build;
And these proclaim—these leagues of gold—
A prophecy fulfilled.

They hint, they tell, that all is well
In all the splendid land;
They promise bounty, full and free,
As from a kingly hand.

Around the burnished yellow squares
The busy reapers ply;
With whirr and hum, they go and come,
They wheel, and hurry by.

From early morn to set of sun
They speed, and gather in;
They seize and hold the harvest gold,
To heap the harvest bin.

And many a deep and throbbing joy,
And many a pleasure sweet,
Were never born, but for the corn,
And for the golden wheat.

—Andrew Downing.

THE REDBIRD.

When the summer sky is a tent of blue,
And rosy June is the regnant queen,
A crimson shuttle flashes through
The leafy warp of the forest green;
And the thread of a sweet song follows him,
In mazy tangles of shade and sun,
And stretches away in the distance dim—
And the bonny bird and the song are one.
—*Andrew Downing.*

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Hush! make no sound, nor move your finger-tips,—
A sprite, the Ariel of birds, is near!
The airy whisper of his wings I hear;
And now I see him, poising o'er the lips
Of my red columbine. His long bill dips
Into the waxen chalice, where the clear
Rich nectar lies. He trembles,—is it fear,
Or mad delight, that thrills him as he slips
From bloom to bloom, exacting honey-toll?
Sometimes unto my fancy it appears
That this small vagrant, sensitive and coy,
Embodies a departed poet-soul,
To whom life brought—but bitterness and tears;
And death—a bird's delirium of joy!
—*Andrew Downing.*

OMNIPOTENCE.

God writes His autograph in starry script
Upon the fair blue tablet of the sky;
So, too, the wondrous cloud-ships, sailing by,
That, late, in some far port, their moorings slipped,
Whose snowy sails and pennons have been dipped
In sunset seas, and stained with crimson dye,
Proclaim the majesty of Him on high!
The modest, woodland blossom, honey-lipped,
The dimpling lake, that wild birds sing to sleep,
The whispering winds in every leafy branch,
The butterfly, with painted wings unfurled,
Reveal His power,—as when His lightnings leap
From cloud to cloud; or when His avalanche,
Flung down on Alp, with thunder shakes the
world!

—*Andrew Downing.*

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN BROWN.¹

Against this crime of crimes he fought and fell;
He freed a race and found a prison-cell;
In mid-air hung upon the gibbet's tree,
But lived and died, thank God, to make men free.

And dusky men the ages down will tell,
For what he fought, and how he bravely fell;
And dim the jewels in each earthly crown,
Besides the luster of thy name, John Brown.

—*J. G. Waters.*

¹ Read at a reception given at Topeka, in honor of Mrs. Mary A. Brown, widow of John Brown.



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